

IV.

Of the frogs in the Table remember the Fate,
Who foolishly call'd in a strange unknown town;
They repeated indeed, but O 'twas too late,
When they found he came not to prove, but to prove
Then draw forth other Cords,
Drink &— & again &—
He'll pass King Log, and he'll pass our King Log;
For Civia's determined to
And will uncorrupt, and uncorrupt
With such Opposition, as glorious
In every place meet may the will be
May God give our Candidate long life
And ever in Civia's may this be
W— &— &— &—
Your Ticks went well
And your put a younger
One Jackson we have who our rights will maintain
And himself uncorrupt will be

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His Most Sacred M A J E S T Y's

R E T U R N.

By T. Brecknock, Esq;

Dicite, Iō Pæan: et, Iō, bis dicite, Pæan. OVID.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and sold by J. PURSER, in *Red-Lion Court, Fleetstreet*; and at the Pamphlet Shops in *London* and *Westminster*. 1752.

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His Most Sacred MAJESTY's Return.

I.



ARK! what out-rivalling Huzzas!
What Shouts of universal Praise,
Drowning the Cannon's thund'ring Roar!
Yes, 'tis the People's well-known Voice!
A grateful People that rejoice,
And welcome GEORGE on *England's* Shore.

II.

Not more adorn'd, address'd, ador'd,
Return'd of old the conqu'ring Lord
From *Agincourt's* immortal Field.
A loftier Theme, a brighter Page,
Not *Greece* describ'd in warmest Rage,
Nor, *Rome*, can thy proud Annals yield.

III.

Where shall we then such Valour find ?
Such ---- for superior Force of Mind
 Heav'n lends not to the Sons of Men.
 In Archives old 'twere vain to look :
 The present Time's a living Book,
 There, there read *George* and *Dettingen*.

IV.

Dreadful in War, yet fond of Peace,
 Be these thy Arts, thy Titles these,
 The noblest Virtues of a King :
 From hence (what wou'd a Nation more ?)
 Respect Abroad, at Home the Store
 That Joy and Plenty smiles to bring.

V.

For this, when Fate's resistless Force
 Stopt mighty *Anne's* diurnal Course
 Full in the Zenith of her Reign,
Britannia, with a Lover's Fire,
 Woo'd to her Arms thy War-like Sire
 And crowning sooth'd her anxious Pain.

VI. Not

VI.

Not from the cow'd *parental* Dove
 Descends th' imperial Bird of *Jove*:
 Lions their Birth to Lions owe.
 The Cedar sperms no dastard Shoot,
 Nor from the royal *Georgian* Root
 Can ought but *Georges* ever grow.

VII.

Ye subtil Rabbins, that explore
 In Numbers an ascendant Pow'r,
 Say, is not *George* the perfect Name?
 Oh, may it charm, as * *Druids* tell,
 While Valour boasts a *real* Spell,
 And Virtue shall be dear to Fame.

VIII. Hail,

* *The Druids, in their Doctrine of Onomanty, held there was a predominant Power in the Mystery of Numbers: Accordingly we find they preferred one Number above all the rest; as believing the Fate of their Nation lay concealed in the Womb of it: This was the Number 6, which was the just Measure of the most ancient Name of this Isle, Albion, as likewise of their common Progenitor Mesech, and also of his Sire Japhet, to whom he was the 6th Son.*

Vide, Archangel. in Dogmat. Cabalist. cap. 19.